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THISBE.

I.

She lives in the smoky city,
Down by the railway line;
She asks for no man's pity,
Nor cares for verse of mine.

II.

She's moving hither and thither,
And often her work is hard;
But sometimes in fine weather
She rests a bit in the yard.

III.

With the empty pail behind her,
She leans her arms on the wall,
And hopes that there he'll find her,
Her lover, strong and tall.

IV.

Up in the air above her,
The great trains outward go;
And many's lass and her lover
May journey to Jericho.

V.

But when he stoops from his doorway
And leans his arms on the wall,
The world would be in a poor way
If that were not best of all.

Both Her Boys.

CHAPTER I.

"I will take care that Archie doesn't make a mistake, or lose either his head or his heart to me. You have no confidence in me, Rupert, no love for me, or you wouldn't hurt my feeling by hazarding such a proposition."

"I more than love you—I worship you," he answered warmly; "but I love my brother too."

"Then cease to wrong me by being idly jealous of him," she said, coldly; and, for the first time since the existence of their understanding, she left him angrily, and would not even give him the parting kiss of peace he craved for.

It added to his uneasiness this day, when his mother—always on the alert when her boys were concerned—spoke to him about his brother. "Has it struck you that Archie is getting fond of Kathleen?" she began, and his whole frame trembled under the first shock of definite, realized jealousy, as he answered:

"I hope not fonder of her than he has been all his life, with all my heart and soul."

"But, my dear boy, why so vehemently opposed to the idea? Even your father, who was unreasonable on the subject years ago, long before I troubled my head with the thought of marriage in connection with either of you—even your father seems well enough pleased now."

"Well pleased with what?" asked poor Rupert in agony. "Has it come to this, that you've talked about it—that there is anything to talk about—while I have been kept in the dark?"

"I can't help seeing that they are very much attached to each other; I have not spoken to either of them yet, but we all must see how very much attached they are," his mother replied.

"Then Heaven help me," Rupert said in a tone of bitter misery, throwing himself down on the sofa by his mother. "Mother, you may as well know it now, There's deception all around; she has promised to marry me, pretended that she loves me! Good heavens! how can such an archtraitress have grown up in your pure, truthful atmosphere!"

CHAPTER II.

"My boy, my Rupert! I may be mistaken. I must be mistaken," poor, bewildered Mrs. Baylon cried. "Our Kathleen could never bring herself to cause such misery; but, why wasn't I told? No, she can't have acted so basely, and I've wronged and misjudged the girl I loved as a daughter, it's just sister's love she's giving to Archie, and perhaps he's in her secret, and—oh my boy don't fret!"

The mother was powerless to combat his grief, or to assuage it in any degree. These sons had been her joy and comfort all their lives, and now when trouble fell upon one of them for the first time, she could do nothing to aid him to bear it, nothing to lighten the burden to him! Such trouble too! if it had been brought upon him by any other man, she might have been able to counsel him how to bear it. But to have fallen on him through his brother's agency! They were both her boys and she loved them both better than she did her own life, and now one could only be happy at the expense of the other, if her fears were true.

If her fears were true! There was still a doubt about it. She arose from his side and lifted his bowed head to her bosom, and bade him take courage, and have faith in Kathleen still. "I'll go to her at once, Rupert. I'll tell her that my son couldn't keep his foolish secret any longer from his mother, and Archie shall hear directly that he musn't try to engross his brother's bride, be hopeful, my son!"

"You speak more hopefully than you feel, mother; I've shut my eyes to the danger, because it was too ghastly and mean a one for me to bear to contemplate it. But now you've seen it and spoken about it, and I know I've been betrayed; but Heaven knows it's not Archie that I blame. He knows nothing."

Mrs. Balyon determined to go to Kathleen. She would not compromise her charge by implying even to Archie, that the girl had been less discreet than it was well his brother's promised bride should be. So she sought Kathleen; and found her in her own room, doing nothing and looking sad.

"You have come to scold me," she cried impetuously, jumping up and putting her arms around Mrs. Balyon's neck. "Don't do it yet; I'm so sorry. I'm so frightened!"

"What about? Make a clean breast of it, Kathleen," said Mrs. Balyon, softly. "I may have to scold you afterwards, but I'll hear what your trouble is first."

"You'll forgive me, whatever it is."

"Stop a moment, dear; instead of scolding you or hearing you confession, I'll make everything easy for you by telling you that Rupert has taken me into his confidence, and that I congratulate my adopted daughter on the engagement of my eldest son."

Mrs. Balyon tried to speak cheerfully, but her heart was beating thickly with apprehension of what she might me called upon to bear.

The girl fidgeted and blushed, and finally asked:

"You say it as if you wouldn't have congratulated me if you had heard of my engagement to your youngest son."

"Ah, Kathleen, remember they are brothers, and love each other so well."

"You do know—you do suspect something more than Rupert has told you," the girl said eagerly. "Oh, love me still, help me, I am so unhappy; I kept the secret as a joke at first, and then Archie came home, and—now I dare not tell him."

"Then it is true he loves you too," the mother panted. "Kathleen, child that I have loved so, what have you done? Heaven help them; both of my sons deceived by you! Why have you stabbed me through them in this way? Their happiness has been the only thing good that I've had in my life; couldn't you leave it to me?"

She had put away the girl's clinging, clasping arms as she spoke, but Kathleen would not be repulsed. She had worked mischief and misery for want of thought, not want of heart, and it galled her to the quick to be reproved and treated coldly.

"Don't push me away from you," she pleaded. "Rupert would be kinder than that, and it's for Rupert's sake you hate me now; you don't care for Archie's pain; he loves me too, and he will have to lose me, and I will have to teach him to despise me—and oh, no one will pity me."

"I will pity you, I will try to help you, if—if you'll only be truthful, if you'll only try to mend the mischief; you must not see Archie again. I knew he couldn't have wronged his brother knowingly. I knew he was ignorant. My boys are gentlemen, and they have always loved each other and given each other their due. Archie must be spared as much as possible, Kathleen, but not at the expense of his brother; you are pledged to Rupert, and Archie must bear his disappointment."

"You'll teach him to hate me," the girl interrupted; "let me see him once, only once, and tell him of my fault myself; that will be punishment enough for me; let me see Archie once again."

"My sons are gentlemen," the mother repeated proudly; "there will be no danger in what you ask; they will both renounce you if you go with your heart to one, while you leave the promise of your hand with the other; what has made you do it, child? Why have you played at love with natures so much finer than your own, when it was only vanity actuating you?"

"No, no, no!" Kathleen cried, falling down on her knees, "not vanity when Archie is concerned; I love him, I love him, and he will never know it—isn't that hard enough? You only feel for Rupert——"

"And you only for yourself," Mrs. Balyon said sternly. "There shall be no dissension made between my boys; if Rupert can trust you after this, I'll not interfere, but Archie shall not see you and be worked upon by you; my son is but human, and though I think it impossible, you might teach him to be untrue to his brother and himself. Leave him his honor, if you have robbed him of his happiness."

"You have no care for me," the girl wailed; "I have loved you all so much, and you all come to hate me, and though I may deserve it I shall feel it hard all the same. I never meant to do any harm. I never knew it was real harm until to-day, when Archie said a word or two that showed me that the end was come. Kiss me and forgive me mother. I may lose you all, and the worst that may happen to you all is that you may lose me, and as I'm such a doubtful blessing, that may be the best thing that could be."

What could Mrs. Balyon do but "kiss her and forgive her.' "Evil can't come through her," the too partial friend thought as she caressed the girl's bent head; "but there must be no more secrets, no more folly, dear," she added aloud, and Kathleen, relieved from her fear of being further reprehended just at present, sprang to her feet joyfully, and gave every promise that was asked of her.

"Rupert need never be troubled about Archie," she finished up. "Go back and tell Rupert that the engagement shall be made public immediately, and then he'll understand there's no difficulty; as for Archie——"

She paused, and Mrs. Balyon asked anxiously:

"Yes, what of my other boy?"

"He'll never make a sign, I'm sure of that," answered Kathleen, proudly; "if I'd behaved three times as badly as I have, Archie would never blame me never seem to think me wrong. We can all trust him—you to spare his brother's feelings, I to spare mine."

"And may it all end well, and be a warning to you, Kathleen," Mrs. Balyon said weepingly. "I am trying to think hopefully about it. I'm trying to believe that all my children will come unscathed out of the trial." But, though she said this and so tried to cheer the girl, who was crushed by the consciousness of her error, or perhaps by the consideration of its consequences, Mrs. Balyon's heart misgave her sorrowfully, and for the first time in their lives she shrank from meeting her sons. It seemed to her that if Rupert could be thoroughly satisfied with Kathleen for his wife after all this, that she (his mother) could never be thoroughly satisfied with him; and this, to a woman who completely identified herself with the interests and hopes and disappointments of her children, was a disheartening conviction.

Through the long hours of this day the two women kept apart from each other, each bearing her special burden alone according to her special lights. Mrs. Balyon characteristically confined herself in striving to mature some plan by which she could keep the peace, her children happy, and still more outrage her own conscience. Kathleen occupied herself equally characteristically in arranging how she could place her conduct of the last few days before them all in such a pleasant, pretty light that they would go on regarding her as the blameless, bewitching, always-to-be-forgiven idol of the household that she had been from her little childhood. And the two young men spent their time in avoidance of each other, in distrust of themselves, their mother, and above all, of the girl who had introduced the element of discord into their lives.

It was not a happy party that sat down to dinner at the Court that evening. Even the Squire remarked that there was something wrong, and in his grim and uncouth way made matters worse by discoursing about them. Rupert was grave but not gloomy, for his mother had given him Kathleen's message, and he had resolved to trust her as before, and to love her more than ever. As for Archie, he was neither grave nor gloomy, but that he was excited and uncertain his mother saw with pain, and intuition taught her that Kathleen had held some communication with him in spite of her promise to the contrary.

As for Kathleen, she only volunteered one remark. And that was to the effect that it was a 'fine, bright night, and that the avenues in the north plantation were always at their loveliest when the snow was on the ground, and the moon was up.'

Time did not fly any faster when dinner was over, and the family party had adjourned to the drawing room. Kathleen seemed to recover her spirits, but her spirits led her astray, it seemed to Rupert, for he feared to keep her near him a single moment. When he went to her at the piano she broke out into louder song, and went on pouring out uncertain strains of music so waveringly and inharmoniously that even the sleepy master of the house roused himself to express a hope that she 'would do her practising in the morning in the future.' Archie buried himself among the cusions of a sofa and the pages of a novel, but once he rose to put another candle on the piano, and as he did so muttered:

"Keep your promise; this state of things can't go on."

They kept early hours at the Court. At ten Archie said good-night to them, and when his mother asked him if he 'meant to go out in the bitter cold to smoke his cigar as usual,' he replied, 'No, his bedroom fire would be the divinity he should worship to-night, not the cold star-light.' And she kissed his hot forehead, and blessed him, and bade him sleep well; and so he went out.

"Good-night, old fellow," the brothers said to each other, simultaneously, and Rupert followed Archie half-way to the door with extended hand, but Archie did not see him. Then Rupert turned to his love, and whispered:

"It's all clear between us, my own, may I tell my father now? We will never have a secret from our nearest again, Kathleen."

"Tell him when I'm gone to bed, and I am going to bed now; I'm tired, I'm worn out," she said, impetuously; "my little concealment has been put before me in the light of a crime to-day. Rupert; let me go and recover my faith in myself."

She rose as she spoke, and stood irresolutely before him, and his mother watched them with a faint smile, and a still fainter heart.

"Tell him to let me go, mamma," Kathleen said presently, with weary pettishness. "I will be as obedient as a slave to the voice of my owner, after to-night, but just to-night I am a slave to nervousness. Tell him to let me go."

A sob broke her voice, and filled with pity and fear for them both, his mother said:

"Let her go, my boy," and when Kathleen availed herself of the liberty with alacrity, and flew out of the room, the poor lady added:

"Heaven direct you in what you do, Rupert, and teach her to reward you."

"And teach her to love me better," was his mental addition to his mother's prayer, poor fellow, as he finally went away, half hoping that Archie might have altered his mind, and gone into their common smoking-room.

But Archie was not there, and the room was cold and dull without him. A comfortable old room it was in itself, too, and endeared to him by a thousand associations connected with his happy boyish days of free, loving, unfettered intercourse with Archie and Kathleen. Would that intercourse ever be free and unfettered again, he wondered? Had his brother's love for Kathleen been nipped in the bud soon enough, and effectually enough for their respective barques to float serenely over the sea of family life for the future? All that must depend on Kathleen, he reminded himself. If she had the tact and truthfulness, the grace and generosity which he believed her to have, it would all be well.

He had been standing at the window as these thoughts passed through his mind, looking down into the north plantation, which looked a mysterious uncomfortable place enough in the cold starlight. Presently he remembered Kathleen's words at dinner about the avenues being at their loveliest when the snow was on the ground, and the moon was up. In a moment he had opened the window and gone down to the edge of the belt of trees. A step or two more and he was under their black shadows, and then he looked back at the light in his mother's window, and saw the reflection of her figure moving about the room; and, half unconsciously longed the more for happiness in his marriage, in order that a portion of the reflected brightness of her children's lives might pass in his mother's.

"It's late in the day for her to begin to enjoy herself," he thought, "but it will be more perfect enjoyment to her than she's ever known if all goes well with Archie and me."

The thought hardly crossed his mind when whispering voices caught his ear. A woman's form rustled in the bushes close to him, and he saw his Kathleen standing with her head on a man's shoulder—that man's arm encircling her. In an instant he was by her side—still in the shadow of the trees—speechless with grief and shame, and outraged love and trust: he was unrecognised, and Archie's startled instincts caused him to raise his hand and strike the invader a heavy blow.

He reeled and fell, and when they bent over him and shrieked his name in their horror and fear, no answer came, for the sharp edges of a jagged stump of a tree had cut into his brow, and it was a dead heart Kathleen tried to convince of her fidelity, in spite of appearances.

His mother believed Archie, when he knelt and told her he was innocent of the great offense of raising his hand knowingly against his brother—believed, and loved him, and suffered for him, even as she loved and sorrowed, and suffered for, and lamented Rupert. But Archie had to take his trial in spite of her faith in him, his trial by the laws of his country—that was soon past. The trial that was never over, was his vivid remembrance of how his brother's life and his own honor had been sacrificed.

He never renewed his wooing of Kathleen, indeed, he never saw her again after terrible day of the inquest, when she was dragged before the jury to give evidence against him. When it was all over, he left the service and the country, leaving his mother to take care of the broken, penitent girl, who had been the cause of robbing her of both her boys; and Kathleen knew that there was justice in his course, though there was little mercy in it.

Eve's Tomb.

The Arabs claim that Eve's tomb is at Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca. The temple with a palm growing out of its center is supposed to mark the place where Eve's head rests, and a domed mosque is believed to be exactly over her womb. According to the Arabs, the lady measured about two hundred feet in height, but, judging by the dimensions of her tomb, it would seem that the Ishmaelites much underrate her real length. Arabs, however, are very bad judges distance, and nearly always have a horror of telling the truth. The sacred ground, which is pretty thickly studded with tombstones of departed Sheikhs and other worthies, is inclosed by a high white wall; a few small shrubs and aloe plants struggle for existence among the gravestones, and close to the domed mosque is a tree growing over some great man's grave, which is surrounded by railings. There are many legends and superstitions concerning this celebrated place, but I had not time to collect any that would be worth relating. It is visited by numerous pilgrims. "Backsheesh," of course, is in great request by the well-dressed Arabs as well as the ragged. Jiddah is a clean, fine looking town—at a distance; but on a nearer approach the illusion will be dispelled, and many aromas (not of ambergris or burned sandal wood), powerful as a soap factory assail the nose. This gets worse as one lands, but there is no time to waste thinking of such a trifle, for a sharp watch has to be kept on the mangy, opthalmic dogs, who amuse themselves by barking and snapping at the legs of any one who makes use of soap and water. At night it is necessary for Europeans to carry a light and a good stick, a well-planted blow from the latter doing wonders in warning off dogs.

Seek for an established judgment. Some persons are so unsettled that every wind blows them down, like loose tiles from the housetop.

Africa.

The history of that dark continent, so far as known to us, presents an awful retrospect, and one all the more dreadful when we take into account the kindly and affectionate qualities of so many of its prominent people to which Mungo Park, Livingstone, Grant, Schweinfurth and Cameron have borne witness. It is inexpressibly sad to think of the unumbered ages through which these poor dark savages have continued, scarcely advancing before the elements of art and science and even of language; from within, destroying and devouring one another, willingly offering their throats to the knives of sorcerers, or paving the deep grave-pit of some bloody monarch with the living bodies of a hundred of his young wives; from without, hunted down and destroyed or captured by aid of the weapons of civilization, until every man's hand is turned against his brother, and terror reigns over vast regions. The bounty of nature has provided for them such abundance that they continue to exist despite all the cruel conditions of that existence. But they are arrested at a position, not so much between heaven and earth, as between earth and hell. There is an old touch, a tertiary or pretertiary touch about them, affiliating them with the ancient hippopotamus and the crocodile; but there is also a touch of sensitiveness and of an affection as keen as any to which the more civilized races have attained. This has exposed them to a torture which the crocodile and hippopotamus do not know; but it has been insufficient to elevate them to a platform of order and happiness. Surely here is a case where the introduction of European civilization would be most justifiable, and might well repay the cost. But if this is to be done at all, it should be done effectually—not as in India, to the great loss of the agents of civilization, and in the fostering of a weak native conceit, in itself incapable of developing or even retaining the benefits which have been conferred upon the country—not as in America, to the extermination of the aborigines. In the interest of England, the African continent might be made really to correct the balance of the Old World, and enable us to keep in front of such expanding nations as Germany and Russia. Then, perhaps, it might be given to England, in the evening of our days, to wander meditatively on the shore of Tanganyika, that mighty Ullswater of Africa, or of Lake Nyassa, its softer Windermere. It does not seem at all likely at present that England will undertake such a work, but Germany has of late displayed some distinct symptoms of being inclined to do so. But however that may be, it is to Englishmen belongs the glory of having first penetrated into the center of tropical Africa, and of having achieved there a series of grand individual explorations which has no parallel in the history of the human race.—*Blackwood.*

Importance of Leaves.

About the time that everybody had the grape fever some genius proposed as an invaluable discovery, that the leaves should mostly be plucked from the vines, "to let in the sun you know" on the clusters of fruit. Straightway many of our cultivators swallowed the bait, and later they had ruined utterly both fruit and vine. Summer-pinching of fruit trees acts somewhat in the same manner, when practiced to excess; in fact any operation tending to defoliate our trees should be carefully performed and only when absolutely necessary, which, I am old-fogyish enough to believe, seldom happens. Many of the diseases that effect our trees either originate on the foliage or become apparent there, owing in a great measure to their delicate organization and the vital relation they bear to all other portions of the tree itself. Without healthy, vigorous foliage it is utterly impossible to produce good fruit, in fact poor fruit may be traced back to a disordered condition of the foliage or else to some disease in the tree which is only apparent in the leaves.

The usual pear-blight, that terrible scourge which works so mysteriously, first becomes apparent to the common observer in the withering leaves; but even before that stage of the disease we can always notice, and by the aid of an ordinary magnifying glass readily detect, a peculiar unhealthy appearance on the bark. On the contrary, however, the peculiar spot on the pear leaf, which plainly signifies an unhealthy condition of the tree, is due to the presence of fungi, and may very easily be examined under a strong lens. Whenever this is the case, weak growth and imperfectly developed fruit are the consequence. One need not go beyond the foliage to detect the ills that beset the health of all our trees; for should these organs be large, perfectly developed, and of a rich green color, nothing more will be required. We know to a certainty that all within is well, just as positively as does a physician who detects the presence of disease in his patient by the usual outward evidences. Leaves are more useful in the economy of the plant's life, than we have been accustomed to think.

We know that during the season of apparent rest in the plant leaves are mostly wanting, there is no apparent need of their services, but the moment growth begins the formation of leaves is coeval therewith. Not alone to the roots is accorded the principle of gathering sustenance for the tree's life, although very many cultivators appear to think so. Provided the soil is thoroughly enriched, in their judgment everything necessary to sustain life has been accomplished; and yet the elements of nutrition contained in the atmosphere are of great advantage in the economy of nature. Certain localities are injurious to plant life, as for instance the smoke and gases incident to most large cities; on the contrary, it is a well-known fact that the atmosphere in some sections is highly nutritious to vegetation, and all else being equal, the growth of plants in such will be greatly in excess of others where the atmosphere is essentially different. Again, every florist is well aware of the importance of a proper atmosphere for the development of plants; how that some especial standard for heat, light, and moisture must be observed for each class of vegetation, if success in culture be secured.

All this is owing to the effect produced by the action of the foliage. While some genera, or even species, greatly prefer a very humid atmosphere, others would sicken and die under such treatment. Plants of a succulent nature seem to require a perfectly dry air in which to grow, or at least during the Winter season, and the majority of them, while resting, prefer a cool temperature, and *vice versa* with others. The microscope very interestingly points out many solutions to the problems that would otherwise bother us in our investigations. On the under side of the leaf in our fruit-bearing trees, as in most others, there are numerous apertures, called *stomata*, or breathing-pores, which are for the purpose of allowing the exhalations of the plant to escape, and as these useful illtle organs are not exposed to the sun's rays (in our fruit trees), excessive evaporation does not take place, the skin or epidermis on the upper side acting as a preventive. Gray has recorded that each leaf of the apple tree has not far from 100,000 of these openings or mouths.

The organic food or elements of plant-life are for the most part taken into the system of the plant through the small roots, whence they are distributed throughout every portion of the structure. As water is composed of two of these elements, oxygen and hydrogen, the leaves act a very important part in supplying the plant with food. But for the remaining element, carbon, in the form of carbonic acid, plants are indebted almost entirely to their leaves; and to this very fact is the animal kingdom indebted for the pure air it breathes, thus preserving the beautiful balance in nature. While vegetation exhales oxygen which we inhale, it absorbs carbonic acid which we exhale. This is but one of the many interesting and useful studies, which it would be well for our cultivators to study before beginning their experiments.

Life's True Aim.

As to know the end distinguishes a man from a beast, so to choose a good end distinguishes him from an evil man. Hezekiah repeated his good deeds upon his sick-bed, and obtained favor of God, but the Pharisee was accounted insolent for doing the same thing; because this man did it to upbraid his brother, the other to obtain a mercy of God. Zacharias questioned with the angel about his message, and was made speechless for his incredulity; but the blessed Virgin Mary questioned too, and was blameless, for she did it to inquire after the manner of the thing, but he did not believe the thing itself; he doubted God's power, or the truth of the messenger, but she only of her own incapacity. This was it which distinguished the mourning of David from the exclamation of Saul; the confession of Pharaoh from that of Manassas; the tears of Peter from the repentance of Judah; "for the praise is not in the deed done, but in the manner of its doing." If a man visits his sick friend, and watches at his pillow for charity's sake, and because of his old affection, we approve it; but if he does it in hope of a legacy, he is a vulture, and only watches for the carcass. The same things are honest and dishonest; the manner of doing them, and the end of the design makes the separation.

Holy intention is to the actions of a man that which the soul is to the body, or form to its matter, or the root to the tree, or the sun to the world, or the fountain to a river, or the base to a pillar; for without these the body is a dead trunk, the matter is sluggish, the tree is a block, the world is darkness, the river is quickly dry, the pillar rushes into flatness and a ruin; and the action is sinful, or unprofitable and vain. The poor farmer that gave a dish of cold water to Artaxerxes was rewarded with a golden goblet; and he that gives the same to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, shall have crown: but if he gives water in despite, when the disciple needs wine or cordial, his reward shall be to want that water to cool his tongue. —*Jeremy Taylor.*

Hawthorne's Grave.

Hawthorne's last resting-place is in the part of the grounds he liked best—in an opening among the tall pines where there is a triangular space, with a three-faced post of hewn stone at each corner, and a low hedge around it. Back of it the ground descends abruptly—a wooded hillside reaching to a fair meadow, dented by a little pool, beyond which a forest shuts out the world. His grave, marked by a low, curved slab of white marble, on which is the one word "Hawthorne," is alone. His wife died in England, where her body still remains.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

It is only those that have done nothing, who fancy they can do everything.

Contentment makes one happy and rich as the greatest king.

It is with love as with apparitions. Every one talks of it, but few have ever seen it.

A wise man may keep his own counsel, consequently he has no jobs for strange lawyers.

Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would never have your own injured.

It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others and lose power over a man's self.

Whether you attempt little or much, let every hour have its employment in business, study, social converse, or diversion.

Nothing is so beneficial as a young author as the advice of a man whose judgment stands constitutionally at the freezing point.

The man that cannot laugh is only fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; but his own whole life is already a treason and stratagem.

Man's actual knowledge may easily be measured. His ignorance is for him unfavorable; he is ignorant of the extent of his ignorance.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse more than principle, men are neither so good or so bad as we are apt to think them.

A tolerant spirit acquires the love of high and low. Tale-bearing is a carrion fly that buzzes at everyone's windows, and dirties everything.

Abuse, like other poisons, when administered in too strong a dose, is thrown off by the intended victims, and often relieves where it was meant to destroy.

The best means to learn our faults is to tell others of theirs; they will be too proud to be alone in their defects, and will seek them in us, and reveal them to us.

The man who won't take a paper because he can borrow one, has invented a machine with which he can cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney.

There is no elasticity in a mathematical fact; if you bring up against it, it never yields a hair's breadth; everything must go to pieces which comes in collision with it.

Our customs and habits are like the ruts in roads. The wheels of life settle into them; and we jog along through the mire, because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

The greatest statesmen are those who not only develop national resources favorable to the material interests of a people, but also promote virtue, enlightenment and patriotism.

Let us take care how we speak of those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up; do not heap scorn upon them. We do not see the conflict. We may not know the wound.

At midnight the blue sky bends over us, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some great blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust and breathing fragrance.

There is not, perhaps, a more whimsical figure in nature than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease, and affects good humor.—*Goldsmith.*

The last best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the forbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, and philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthy without physic, secure without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of art.

With virtue, capacity and good conduct one can still be unsupportable. The manners, which are neglected as small things, are often those which decide men for or against you. A slight attention to them would have prevented their ill judgments.—*Bruyere.*

"There is nothing," said Plato, "so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth." For this reason, there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any attention to deceive.

A grocer's day-book might be a wonderful history, if alongside the entries of cheese, pickles and figs one could see the griefs, hopes and joys, which caused the heart to beat while the hand was writing and the ink flowing fresh.

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. One kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who chase to the grave an erring brother.

If we work upon marble it will perish; if we work upon brass time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with just fear of God and our fellow-men—we engrave on these tablets something which will brighten all eternity.

Suspicions amongst thoughts are like cats amongst birds—they ever fly by twilight. Certainly they are to be well guarded, for they cloud the mind, they lose friends, and they check business. They dispose kings to tyranny, husbands to jealousy, wise men to melancholy. They are defects, not in the heart, but in the brain. They are but buzzes, but, if artificially nourished, have stings.

People should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing them the means of innocent ones. In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as to labor, and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature.